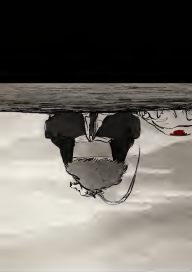
Translated by
Suia's Place
suiasplace.com



Myo-Jin felt the sword Ja Myeong's long sigh.

His hand was warm and his wound was no longer hurting him.

What so he along...killing me and healing me at the same time. What is jork... or so he wanted to say but his strength run out.

And he closed his eyes.

What happened after isn't important.

The fact that he woke up as Oni again

And the fact that he could no longer forget the blue sky he happened to see

The fact that left scars... facial scar of a warriors who were called from the battle

and the fact that, although excruciatingly slow, he was getting there

As I said before, none of that really is important.

Because.

Even now he.

Still

long for the blue sky

Even now he longs for it.

He recalled a moment of his life as Oni

And wondered what happened to the child.

Is the child living happily unlike me

Hu—

Is she living among the light like the woman prayed?

Sun is rising.

Nan-E _4

Myo-jin and Mobwan departed again.

Mobwan's pace would be just as slow as before.

She had a destination

But she refused to reach there

When they saw something

Maiomat sat down on a decaying desk to take a breather

But after sitting down

Oh, now the searing allergy is in full

as well as the vibrant smell from it

She wondered how her life would have been if she was born in a small farming family

I'm also coming back from a long day of farming

For mother who is coming back from farm with a bag filled w

And her younger brother she might have had

"Let us rest here for a few days"

She told the man.

Translated by
Sura's Place
surasplace.com

The Chronicle of Myo-Jin

Art/Story: jenjason
Background/Color assistant: Lee Si-An